

Held in Thrall

by Spades

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Summary: Snape dealt the final blow and Dumbledore fell. Now Death Eaters defiled Hogwarts and innocents were struck down. A burning hatred filled Harry as never before, focused on the escaping foe but most especially, on the traitor Severus Snape. Something snapped, a change begun; this night would be a turning point. Neither Harry nor Severus could foresee what the future had in store.

Held in Thrall

Harry Potter stared into the massive fireplace in the Gryffindor Common Room, currently home to a roaring fire. Ron and Hermione were quietly yet heatedly discussing some topic over in a large club chair, pressed against each other's side. He probably should have been participating but he couldn't motivate himself to care. If he looked into the fire long enough, maybe his Godfather would miraculously appear. Harry wanted to snort out loud. He knew it wasn't going to happen; it was foolish to dream, but he couldn't seem to squash the irrational hope. Nothing was going right. He was alone again, but for one brief moment he had had a family; someone that wanted him around because he was Harry. Not Harry Potter The-Boy-Who-Lived, not the Golden Boy, not the last of the Potter line; no, Sirius had wanted Harry, just as he was with no strings attached.

"Are you paying attention, Harry?"

His attention was jerked back to the present where he found both Hermione and Ron staring at him. Not even attempting to pretend he knew what they'd asked him, he stared at them blankly.

"Yeah?"

Hermione sighed and closed the heavy book that covered both their

laps. It was late and the other students had already gone to bed. No one else remained in the common room to hear their conversation.

"Have you had any luck finding your Animagus form?" she asked again, briefly sighing at his lack of focus.

"No."

The young witch stood, setting the book on the heavy center table. They had discussed ways to go about tracking down Voldemort's Horcruxes. Hermione had suggested each of them find their Animagus form since traveling as an animal would be much easier and safer for them than appearing publicly in their human forms. So far none of them had succeeded; a fact which annoyed Hermione greatly, resident bookworm that she was.

"Harry, we've talked about this. We are all too recognizable, you most of all; if we have any hope of tracking down these...objects, we have to do it secretly. Traveling in animal form will help with that," she continued to lecture but Harry had suddenly had enough for the night.

He stood and grabbed his bag from the floor. "I know that, Hermione. But I've got a little more on my plate than I can deal with right now. I'll work on it and let you know, yeah?"

Without waiting for an answer, he turned and walked up the stairs to the boy's dorm rooms. He just couldn't handle his friends right now. Dumbledore had sent a note earlier asking him to accompany the wizard the following night. He had an idea of what it might entail, but he wasn't sure and didn't want to bring it up with his friends. He also hadn't had a good night's rest in two weeks, ever since Hermione had brought up the idea of finding their animal forms. His dreams were filled with blackness and fire; sometimes there were distant lands he traveled. He knew the dreams weren't coming from Voldemort because the Dark Lord never appeared in these nocturnal visions, nor were the dreams frightening. That was what disturbed Harry the most actually. In the dreams he felt comfortable and at peace with the blackness and fire, he was content as he journeyed in his dreamscape. He often felt more at peace in his dreams than he did awake. Shaking his head, he approached his canopy bed, dropping his bag on the floor before changing into his pajamas. Maybe tonight he would dream of distant lands again. He needed a good night's sleep; Dumbledore and he were going somewhere and he needed to be ready.

(!)(!)(!)

Harry watched in unmitigated horror as Snape, Draco Malfoy and the other Death Eaters ran from the Astronomy Tower after Dumbledore fell. This couldn't be happening! He only spared the briefest of glances down below to see the crumpled figure before he went racing down the stairs, wand clutched in his hand and intent on retribution. The levels down below were a screaming melee of panicked students and teachers, trying to understand what was going on while others battled and defended. He saw Neville and Luna attempting to halt the retreating figures, petrified Death Eaters littering the hallway in their wake. Up ahead, Harry saw Snape whip around a corner in a swirl of dark robes. A wave of pure hatred unlike anything he had ever felt before suddenly filled him, Harry didn't even realize he was snarling

as he ducked into a shortcut he knew to take him to the entry hall. The Death Eaters had to get to the edge of the wards before they could Apparate and Harry was determined to cut them off, taking as many down with him as he could. Emerging from the darkened hallway, he could see the Death Eaters already exiting the entry hall through the massive double doors and moving with haste across the lawn towards the gates. Just as his gaze locked on Snape, he saw the man he had always known as his Professor fire a stunning hex at a second year student; after that Harry saw nothing but red. The young student was bravely fighting with his friends, but he wasn't a challenge to Snape, or to anyone else, being only a second year; yet the Potions Master had ruthlessly cut him down.

Harry felt something inside him click, expanding within his chest. Pushing away from the stone doorway into the school, his eyesight quickly sharpened and suddenly he was flying over the short distance towards the fleeing Death Eaters. He didn't stop to understand why he was flying, his sole focus being the black robes of the traitor. Screams of horror filled his ears as he neared his prey, talons outstretched and gleaming as he overtook him. The pale face turned sharply to glimpse his pursuer, shock filling his gaze as Harry caught his own reflection in the dark eyes. Black scales shimmering with a constantly shifting green hue where they trailed down his spine and gathered over his broad chest. The green matched the scorching color in his wide, lizard like eyes as he easily pinned the older man to the ground under one of his fore claws. Talons dug into the dirt making escape impossible for his captive as ineffective stunning spells were cast towards him. The flashes of light briefly illuminating attackers and predator alike in the thick darkness. The curses rebounded immediately from his scales, the instinctive Protego he cast over himself in full effect. Snarling caught his attention, and he swung his head around in time to see a large rabid wolf leaping towards his throat. Without thinking, his wings flared around him and his long neck twisted to allow his jaws to snap around the wolf's body, plucking it easily from the air. Rank blood exploded over his tongue, teeth and lips as he crunched down on fragile bones. With a violent snap of his head, he slung the corpse so forcefully that the body was impaled by a broken branch when it collided with a nearby tree. Turning back to the few Death Eaters still trying to stun him, he took a deep breath into his massive chest and felt heat race up his neck. Lowering his head, he released a thick oily gush of burning liquid which set fire to everything it touched. Screams filled his ears as burning wizards stumbled and fell, while those who escaped his attack ran for the edge of the wards; so few could not battle an incensed dragon. Faint pops signaled their departure.

Surrounded by flames, the flicker of firelight shimmered off his darkly colored scales as he observed the deserted battlefield. Cries still echoed behind him, from somewhere closer to the castle while he looked at the man still beneath his claw. He could hear and feel the pounding heartbeat against the fleshy part of his claw as his head lowered to look more closely at the frightened wizard.

"P-Potter?"

The dragon snarled at the soft word, his gaze boring into the dark eyes. Something within the dark eyes flared brightly, almost in recognition of the power hidden behind the dragon's green gaze. A

flimsy barrier blocked the wizard's mind but with barely a mental twitch, the barrier shattered and he captured the brilliant organ. This vessel called to him and it was now his; his pet; his property; his thrall; his Ventus Famulus.

Silence!

The mental projection was firm and all thoughts of speaking collapsed under the command. A mouth opened and closed uselessly before acknowledging the futility of it. An instinct rose in Harry's mind and without hesitation, he forced his captive into unconsciousness. Lifting his claw from the now limp body, he stepped away and with only a thought shifted back to his human form, then promptly collapsed onto his hands and knees to retch.

Thoughts raced through his mind in a confusing jumble as he tried to figure out what had just happened. He, Harry Potter, had just shifted into a dragon; a ferocious, powerful dragon. His wand was still clutched in his hand as he spat, hoping to rid his mouth of the taste of Greyback's blood. One glance towards the tree on his left verified it was the corpse of the infamous werewolf; to his right was the unconscious form of Severus Snape, murderer of Albus Dumbledore. Shaking his head and wiping his mouth with his sleeve, he stood and collected the wands from both Snape and Greyback. Tucking away the strange wands, he bound both the dead man and the unconscious man before using his own wand to levitate the two. The walk back to the castle was silent and slow before he caught sight of a few teachers and older students.

"Potter! What are—" McGonagall started but then fell silent, staring as he came closer and she realized what he was bringing with him.

"Snape killed Dumbledore and ran with the other Death Eaters. Draco Malfoy let them into the castle via a vanishing cabinet in the Room of Requirement. He went with them. I caught Snape and something from the forest killed Greyback," he stated flatly, knowing that to reveal he had been the one to kill Greyback might not be in his best interests.

Wild and exotic creatures lived in the Forbidden Forest, any of which could and probably would have killed a rabid werewolf. There was no need to incriminate himself. McGonagall floundered for a brief moment before nodding and turning to Professor Flitwick. The Aurors would arrive shortly, they could take the other captives and Greyback's body but McGonagall wanted Snape first. Flitwick took the Potion Master's body to a secure room after learning that Harry held his wand. Greyback's wand he passed to McGonagall to surrender to the Aurors when they came for the body. Finally having someone else issuing orders and taking control, Harry slowly collapsed onto his knees to take a moment to breathe. He was still reeling over all that had happened in the last hour. Headmaster Dumbledore was dead; killed by one of his own Professors, someone he had told Harry that he trusted. Trusted with his life, and he died for that misplaced trust. Harry had shifted into a dragon, captured Snape, and killed Greyback with no remorse. How was he going to explain that one away? Everyone knew that Snape was one of the most talented professors at the school. He was only a sixth year student yet he had somehow managed to best the Death Eater.

"Harry?"

He looked up dazed as Hermione slowly knelt in front of him. The young witch had blood streaming from a head wound and her clothing was torn in several places. She had been in the thick of battle in the castle. Her pale face and wide eyes convinced Harry that everything really had happened.

"He's dead, Hermione. He didn't even try to defend himself. Snape killed him," he muttered, slowly blinking.

"He might have survived."

Harry was already shaking his head. "It was the killing curse. He's gone."

His best friend bit her bottom lip before moving to help him stand. They both walked back to the castle, passing sobbing students as Hermione filled him in on what happened in the castle. Two students had been killed by Greyback and Harry was glad that the dragon had killed the vile creature. Ron had deflected a curse but tripped over a fallen piece of stone and took a tumble down the stairs, knocking himself unconscious. Harry might have laughed about it if the circumstances weren't so dire. Hermione didn't know how the rest of their friends had fared.

Everyone was gathered in the Great Hall, nursing wounds and providing comfort. Harry and Hermione found a now conscious Ron and sat around their groggy, ginger friend. Harry glossed over how he caught Snape, easily offering that it happened so suddenly he couldn't exactly remember. Which was partially the truth, if he was honest.

"Someone mentioned that they thought they saw a dragon come out of the Forbidden Forest," Hermione whispered, causing both Harry and Ron to look sharply at her.

"That's barmy, 'Mione. There's no dragons in the Forest, Charlie's assured me," Ron muttered and she rolled her eyes.

"There are a lot of creatures in the Forest, Ron. Some we might not even know about. Is it so hard to believe that there might be a rogue dragon there?"

Harry didn't say anything, grateful that the darkness had hidden most of him. Rubbing his sweaty hands on his thighs, he looked up just as two Aurors entered the Great Hall and made straight for McGonagall. While speaking to them, her gaze darted briefly to Harry before looking back to the two in front of her. Harry knew she would be wanting to speak with him later. Dumbledore had been adamant that he believed in Snape and that he should be trusted. She knew from experience that Dumbledore knew things that he didn't share with others.

Twitching, he felt something spark inside him and a new awareness suddenly came online. He felt a phantom pain along the length of his back and his head ached fiercely. But it wasn't actually him feeling the pain, it was like a memory of a severe pain that lingered. Annoyance filled him along with a faint trickle of fear, remorse and guilt were also surging through him but again he didn't actually feel it. He was suddenly reminded of what the dragon had done; what

exactly the dragon had claimed. _His pet; his property; his thrall._ He was sensing Snape's emotions. Breath catching in his throat, he stood abruptly and looked down at his friends.

"I have to go. I'll be back later," he briskly replied to their questioning looks.

Slipping around the knots of people and avoiding McGonagall, he made straight for the library. He needed to do some research. The library was of course empty and dark, bags and books scattered about, quickly forgotten and abandoned during the attack. Finding the section that covered dragons, he pulled out all of the books and sent them over to the nearest table. Studying with Hermione had taught him how to skim through a book's index to identify if what he needed was available in the book and soon he had gone through and eliminated the entire selection. Determined now, he went back to the shelves and searched for more books on the off chance they might have been misshelved. He doubted Madam Pince would allow such a thing to happen but it was worth a shot. At the back of one shelf, in the shadowy darkness, his fingers touched warm leather and he started feeling for the edges of the book. It was unlike Madam Pince to allow a book to be lost behind others as well. Before he could wonder about it further, the book seemed to form against his touch until he pulled a dusty tome from the depths of the shelf. Dusting off the spine, he read the inscription in golden letters and raised his eyebrows: Dragon Legends and Lore by Alastair Scrumring. The book gave off a warning thrum of heat before fading surprisingly in his hands. He hurried back to the table, surrounded by the other books, Harry took his seat once more and opened the strange book with a small puff of smoke and ash. The book seemed benign at first compared to the others and he breathed a sigh of relief. Again going to look at the index first, he was startled when the book flipped to the dedication page and fine script burned into the text legibly.

This book belongs to dragons only and those of dragon kind. This book was written by the last Dominus Draco and I will have my Ventus Famulus, Alastair, place it in secret at the school of Hogwarts for the next Dominus Draco. If you possess this book and peruse these words then welcome brother or sister and greetings to you and yours.

Harry released a shuddering breath, realizing that this had suddenly gotten far more serious than he expected. Flipping slowly to the index again, he noted a few page numbers and flipped to the first section he was interested in. Like the dedication page, once he focused on the page the words burned into existence.

A dragon's thralls are beings that are forcibly placed under the control of an Alpha Dragon, thus possessing no free will of their own unless the Alpha Dragon allows it. An Alpha Dragon can have as many thralls as it desires. The thralls are created to serve their dragon in any and all aspects of their existence. Slaves is an apt description but thralls are often treated better. More often than not, thralls are used to procure supplies and/or food for the dragons and to provide companionship. Thralls are not capable of harming the Alpha Dragon to which they belong. The last documented thrall was in 1571. The decline in thralls can be attributed to the fact that wizards have begun to join forces and collectively desire to force dragons into the realm of creatures, merely wild beasts instead of intelligent beings. For more information on Alpha Dragons, see Sec.

7.2._

Harry flipped quickly to Sec. 7.2 and started reading again.

_Alpha Dragons are dragons that are cognizant of their intentions and possess reasoning abilities. However, instincts still affect Alpha Dragons, just not to the same degree as the average dragon. Alpha Dragons would become the lieutenants to a _Dominus Draco _if one is ever called forth. For more information on _Dominus Draco_, see Sec. 12.3._

He read the next section and suddenly felt himself pale at the wealth of information. He was in so much trouble.

Dominus Draco _is best described as the dragon species' fairytale of a Master Dragon or Lord Dragon, a dragon of high intelligence that holds Lordship over all other dragon species and has the ability to shift between human and dragon form. Tales mention that the _Dominus Draco _will act as the balancing agent between dragon realms. A single _Dominus Draco _will exist during a dragon age and once one passes then another will be born to prevent any overlap of power. However, the strict limits on breeding and the few dragons to survive to adulthood could mean the end of _Dominus Draco_._

_A less circulated tale details how a powerful wizard could possess an Animagus form of a _Dominus Draco _and this half wizard, half dragon will be powerful enough to unite both the dragon nation and the wizard nation. A wizard shifting to dragon form is considered far more powerful than a dragon shifting to human form. However, there are no documented examples of this, yet the rumor persists. The _Dominus Draco_, can create thralls of any human or wizard and it is considered a permanent binding, extending the life of the human or wizard as well as the dragon. If the thrall be another wizard, the _Dominus Draco _can increase the wizard thrall's power or decrease it. The _Dominus Draco Wizard_, straddles the divide between magical creatures and wizards. According to all of the tales, the power of the dominant dragon wizard will be boundless._

_Rarely will the _Dominus Draco _succeed in identifying its _Ventus Famulus, _or Favorite Thrall. This thrall will be special or preferred as it is the perfect companion for the _Dominus Draco_, in every way. The _Ventus Famulus _could be wizard or muggle, it will depend upon the _Dominus Draco_._

Harry sat back and muttered a curse word under his breath. At least now he knew what happened and what he might have done to Snape. He was a Dominus Draco and the dragon identified Snape as his favorite thrall. He never should have gotten out of bed this morning.

(!)(!)(!)

"Mr. Potter, a word please."

Harry cringed, slowly turning to look at the imposing figure of Professor McGonagall as she stepped out from the shadows. The book was warm against his lower back where he had tucked it into his school seemed to have quieted down, so Harry decided to risk returning to Gryffindor Tower in the welcome calm. He should have known she would be waiting for him, but he stupidly thought he could

avoid her. Oh well.

"Yes, Professor?"

She motioned him into an empty classroom, warding the door behind them with locking and silencing spells. She turned, watching him for a moment before stepping forward and speaking.

"Tell me what happened this evening."

Harry took a deep breath and told her about traveling to Crystal Cave with Dumbledore, subsequently retrieving the locket. He spoke of returning only to see the Dark Mark atop the Astronomy Tower and Dumbledore casting *Petrificus Totalus* over him. He stuttered over the conversation between Dumbledore and Malfoy, feeling the familiar uselessness wash over him. He again fumbled over the fight on the grounds where the 'strange creature from the Forest' killed Greyback and he somehow captured Snape. He lied and theorized that maybe the creature knocked Snape out while attacking Greyback. McGonagall watched him intently until he reached the point of the story where he left Hermione and Ron in the Great Hall. He did not tell her about sensing Snape's emotions or going to the library to do research, and he definitely made no mention of shifting into a dragon.

"Is that all, Mr. Potter?"

He nodded, staring at the stone floor before gathering his courage to look up at the matronly professor and asking the question on his mind.

"What's to happen to Snape?"

"Professor Snape," she snapped, more out of habit than anything else.

Harry grimaced before asking again with the title in place.

Professor McGonagall sighed, suddenly looking much older than she really was or ever acted. "I did not tell the Aurors about him and implied that the infiltrating Death Eaters were responsible for Albus' death. That could change if I inform them that there was an eyewitness to the act. However, I have been to see him and Professor Snape has not said a word since he awoke, despite making occasional efforts to do so. Poppy has been to see him and can find nothing wrong to impair his speech. Was there anything significant you noticed during the battle which may have affected him? A curse or hex?"

Harry blanched, remembering when he was the dragon. He had ordered Snape to silence. The Professor was incapable of speaking until Harry lifted his command. He sagged weakly and would have fallen if the professor had not summoned a chair and shoved it beneath him. Bending over until his head hung between his knees, he marveled at how messed up his life had gotten in the last twenty-four hours.

"No, Professor. I didn't see or hear any strange spells, but it could have happened while they were retreating through the castle. I didn't have my eyes on him the entire time so I can't really say," he replied, more to his trainers than the professor.

She sighed and nodded, turning to remove the wards over the door. "Get to your dormitory, Mr. Potter. Tomorrow is another day, we'll figure it all out then."

"Ma'am." She turned to look at him, raising her eyebrows. Harry swallowed tightly before speaking quickly. "May I be permitted to see Sn-Professor Snape?"

Professor McGonagall thought for a moment before nodding, giving him directions to where the Potion's Master was being kept and the password to access the portal into the room. An Order member was keeping watch in the hallway and she warned Harry to leave both their wands outside with the guard before entering. Nodding, he soon departed and headed down the hallway, clutching both wands in his hand. A few minutes later he saw Tonks up ahead, nodding to her briefly while handing over both Snape's and his own wand. Speaking the password to the portrait, he stepped through and entered the room. It looked to be one of the rooms they offered visiting professors; sparse yet simply and comfortably decorated. A small fire burned in the fireplace and a simple meal of sandwiches, pumpkin juice and tea sat untouched on the table.

Snape was pacing the small room in obvious irritation, his gaze whipping around sharply to see who had entered. Recognizing Potter, he immediately stormed over to the young man pointing a finger at the boy's face before pointing towards his own throat. Raising an eyebrow, Harry turned slightly and, without taking his eyes off Snape, waved his hand over the door and wall, silently warding them for privacy. Despite not having a wand, he felt magic tingle and spread throughout his body before it followed his unspoken request. The book had said his power would increase exponentially and it was obviously correct; he would have never been able to do that without a wand, let alone wordlessly. The older man's gaze narrowed sharply at the action and he hesitantly took a step back to get a better look at the unusually powerful sixth year student standing before him.

"Please sit down, Professor," Harry said, hoping that framing it as polite request was better than an order.

It seemed to work as the older man was obviously debating the pros and cons of the simple statement before deciding if he would comply. Harry sighed, wondering how the rest of this was going to go if he got this much snarkiness and attitude from asking him to sit.

"I can order you to sit and you would have no choice but to comply; but, I think you realize that already, smart man that you are. I'm trying to be civil, sir."

Snape's eye twitched at the forced politeness but he backed towards a seat while pointing at his throat once again.

"Yes, I'll revoke my order if we can sit and have a civilized conversation."

Snape grimaced, sitting on the couch while Harry chose the club chair. The leather bound dragon book pressed warmly against his skin when he leaned back but it was reassuring instead of an annoyance.

"I revoke my demand for silence."

"What the bloody hell are you, Potter, and what did you do to me?" Snape snarled, his words obviously longing to escape since he had regained consciousness. Even now his eyes raked desperately over the deceptively innocuous young man, searching for the answers to his questions without success.

"That's not important right now. I want to know why you killed Dumbledore."

Harry normally would have been terrified of questioning Snape but the book had said that a thrall could never maliciously harm their dragon. He might have been putting a bit too much faith in the book at this early stage but something within him suggested both he and the book were correct. He was going to get answers, and if he had to be an arsehole to get them then so be it. He was no longer the unsure, frightened first year, intimidated by the Potion Master.

Said Potion Master surged from his seat on the couch, snarling at the impudence of a mere student daring to question him. "I will not answer to a whelp of a wizard child, playing in situations best left alone!"

The young wizard watched him calmly.

"Please sit down Professor."

Snape sneered, whirling away in a rustle of robes to continue pacing. Harry took a deep breath, resisting the urges that began to rise up in response to Snape's tone.

"Professor Snape, please sit so we may talk like civilized adults."

"Leave me be, boy."

Harry came to his feet and blocked the older man's path. "I asked as a courtesy, now I'm telling you. Down!"

He didn't really specify but he hadn't needed to. The next moment he watched quietly as Snape fell gracelessly to his knees, looking up at him with shock and fury. A thrill ran through Harry at seeing Snape on his knees before him but that wasn't what he was here for. Snape probably didn't play that way. Oh yes, Harry had learned many things over the years about what he liked and didn't like.

"I'll ask again. I wish to know why you killed Dumbledore. Please tell me or I will find the answer myself," Harry said quietly, not wanting to push this issue but knowing he would eventually have to.

The only response he got was another snarl while the wizard struggled impossibly to regain his feet. Rolling his eyes, Harry stepped back, quickly locking his gaze with Snape's.

"Legilimens!"

If Snape expected this to be like their lessons then he was sadly mistaken. His usual Occlumens shields stood strong but Harry passed right through as if they didn't exist. A mind could not block out its rightful owner and the dragon had claimed this bright mind. Harry could sense the rampant fear that permeated Snape like never before. No one had ever been able to break through Snape's shields; not Dumbledore, not the Dark Lord. Harry knew what kind of power he had and the chance to abuse it was within his grasp. But that wasn't who he was.

"Show me why you killed Dumbledore. Show me everything connected to the event atop the Astronomy Tower," he murmured and almost instantly a bright, shimmering memory floated towards him from the swirling murk.

He could sense Snape mentally grappling for that memory, trying to hide it, shield it anyway he could but his efforts were pointless. Harry watched in silence as Snape and Dumbledore spoke in his office, revealing what he wanted to know. The unsurprising truth that Dumbledore knew Malfoy was tasked to kill him. The shock of knowing that the curse in Dumbledore's hand would have killed him soon. The plan to save young Malfoy's soul from the taint of murder when Snape's soul was already stained by previous actions. Snape had been Dumbledore's man all this time; from the beginning, the Potion Master had been on their side. He had been tasked with doing the unimaginable and doing so without anyone's knowledge or gratitude. Dumbledore had chosen to set the time and place of his own death; entrusting a loyal friend to see it through to the end.

Breaking the connection, he stepped away from the man now on his hands and knees panting harshly. Both men were breathing heavily after the mental and physical exertion of sharing the same mental space, not to mention the emotional toll of what Snape had unwillingly revealed and Harry had been shocked to learn. Harry stunned that Snape was really on their side. Snape shaken that the Potter boy found and viewed that memory with barely a token effort on his part. He was still on the ground and physically unable to stand; unable to move from the position Potter had forced him into. His heartbeat was pounding in his ears and a cold sweat broke out beneath his robes.

"Wh-What are you?"

Harry looked briefly at the other man before rubbing his forehead. "That is a long story. One which I don't have the energy or time for right now. You may stand and you may speak to whomever you wish, but not about me and what happened out on the lawn or what just happened here in his room. We'll speak more tomorrow."

Without another glance towards Snape, he turned and exited the room. The portrait sealing behind him as he nodded at Tonks and accepted his wand back from the Auror. Tucking it into his pocket, he groaned softly while rolling his head to ease the stiff muscles.

"He's able to talk now."

Tonks nodded with a small smile before Harry turned and walked away. He made a beeline for Gryffindor Tower and his bed, too tired to think about anything beyond hiding the book in his trunk and getting some shut eye. Tomorrow was going to be trying.

This is my first foray into the Harry Potter fandom so please be kind. I've proofed for other authors in this fandom and like to think I do an okay job. So, please be kind and I hope you enjoy.

End
file.